

NO. 47.

Stanford, Ky., August 14, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

THE Madison county people do not like a rule that works both ways. Last year the Board of Equalization reduced their assessment for taxation and they thought it a splendid machine. This year it increased the assessment twenty-five per cent. upon land, fifteen per cent. upon town lots, and twenty-nine per cent. upon personalty, whereupon an indignation meeting was called and the action of the board condemned in the strongest terms. They demand that the law establishing the board be amended or if it can not be done then they are for its repeal. They further resolved to use all honorable and legal means to secure a reduction of the assessment, which they consider grossly unjust and oppressive and violative of every principle of equality in taxation.

THE South isn't exactly in the saddle, says the Louisville Times, but her great corn, cotton and grass crops of this year of grace will put her on her feet once more, and in the race of material progress she will be forthwith kept step with the music of the Union. "Let them keep their horses," said Grant to Lee's ragged rebels as they laid down their arms, "they will need them for their crops." An equestrian statue of Gen. Grant upon a pedestal of cotton bales bearing the above legend would be an appropriate memorial from the States composing the late unlamented Confederacy. Such a monument in Riverside Park would have a world of meaning to all the world.

THE Owensboro Messenger, which presented better and clearer arguments for a new constitution than any paper in the State, is disheartened at the result and says: "At the present rate of progress the constitution of Kentucky will be changed in about one thousand years. The framers of the present constitution attempted in its construction to fix it forever on the people, and right well did they do their work. Unless a sovereignty convention is called we will plod along the remainder of our lives, and several generations that are to follow us will do likewise, under the old slavery constitution."

MUCH adulation has turned the head of Gen. Johnston. Not content with abusing Jeff Davis some time ago, he now comes to the front to say that Stonewall Jackson was a good division commander, but as a department commander he was not a brilliant success, as he failed to approve himself a strategist. Ye gods and little fishes. The presumption of some men is appalling. Johnston's forte lay in his "masterly retreats." Jackson made the other fellows retreat, and strategy or no strategy, the enemy rarely ever surmounted the stone wall that he presented against their advances.

THE Louisville Commercial's review of the latest report of the State Commissioner of Agriculture is one of the most amusing things we have read in a long time. The author of the report shows such an originality of thought and perspicuity of sentiment that his productions deserve to be embalmed in more enduring encasement than in a paper bound pamphlet, and then he and his useless office ought to be permitted to go along with the Board of Equalization and the Railroad Commission out of existence.

RETURNS from 102 counties give Tate 94,731; Fox 33,659; Tate's majority 61,072. The kickers against the manner of his nomination helped to swell this grand majority, though the reverse was their intention.

THE Frankfort Yeoman wants to know, "Which is the willipus willipus of the Times—Emmett Logan or Polk Johnson?" We should say that one is the one and the other is the other.

TAX per capita for white and colored school children for the next year will be \$1.65, an increase of ten cents over last year.

THE next Legislature will consist of 116 democrats and 22 republicans, a republican gain of six.

—Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, is dead at San Francisco, of cancer.

—Commissioner Miller rules that chewing tobacco shall not be packed in pails.

—Henry Freese, colored, will be hanged at Catlettsburg to-day and it will be the first legal execution ever in Boyd county.

—The average number of pupils at the public schools last year was 16,295. The cost was \$18.16 each, against \$19.95 for the previous year.

THE Kansas Supreme Court has been called upon to decide a point probably never before raised. It seems that when the jury went out one of the members proposed to open their deliberations with prayer, and thereupon proceeded to pray "long and loud." The verdict was against the defendant, whereupon his lawyer moved to set aside on the ground of "undue influence exercised by one of the jurymen by means of public prayer in the jury room."

A French statistician calculates that two thousand five hundred and forty kings and emperors have reigned over sixty-four empires and nations. Three hundred, he records, were dethroned, and sixty-four, finding the misery of a throne unbearable, resigned the position. Twenty-four tired of life as well as power, committed suicide. Twelve became insane. A hundred were slain in battle, one hundred and twenty-three were made prisoners through the fortunes of war. Twenty-five perished as martyrs, a hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, and a hundred and eight were executed after a legal trial.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The great Louisville Exposition opens tomorrow.

—There are now 585 patients in the Lexington Asylum.

—Fire in Frankfort destroyed property valued at \$54,000.

—A 25 lb. baby is the latest achievement of a Georgia woman.

—Lord Houghton, the poet and critic, is dead. He was born June 19, 1809.

—Collector Atilla Cox has assigned four colored men to duty in the Louisville district.

—Twenty-six convicts have escaped from the Eddyville penitentiary within the last month.

—Hon. Robert Mallory, an ex-member of Congress, died at his home near LAGRANGE Tuesday.

—Conductor Holmes, of the L. & N., was killed Wednesday morning near Pulaski, while coupling.

—While resisting arrest, Jeff Phillips was shot and killed at Mayesville, by Deputy Marshal Baughner.

—Foxtown precinct, this county, didn't give Fox, the candidate for State Treasurer, a single vote.—(Richmond Herald.)

—A fourteen-year-old boy in Clark measures 6 feet, 11 inches. He'll be as tall as a house by the time he gets done growing.

—Thos. Greer, a route agent, is in jail at Gainesville, Ga., for opening the letters a young lady had returned to her sweetheart.

—At Vilarica, Ga., Richard Hindsman (colored), who was guilty of insulting a white lady, was given 300 lashes by indignant white citizens.

—The distillery of Stoll, Clay & Co., of Lexington, which a few years ago was erected at a cost of \$50,000, was sold to Richard Stoll for \$10,000.

—At Findlay, O., a bottle containing hard cider, burst in the hands of Mrs. Rachel Struble, a piece of the glass cutting her jugular vein and killing her.

—While painting the dial of the clock on the tower of a church at Grand Rapids, Mich., John Fox and Fred Schurer were thrown to the ground and killed.

—The largest number of telegraphic messages ever received and sent in a single day was 83,170, which the Western Union handled in New York last Saturday.

—An Erie, Pa., special says: Mrs. Frankie Morris, who was yesterday found guilty of the murder of her mother, was married last evening to Harvey D. Copeland, of Wichita.

—James W. Marshal, the discoverer of gold in California, died Monday at his home near Placerville. He was 74 years old and died a poverty stricken and disappointed man.

—The Illinois Secretary of State has issued a certificate of incorporation to the Grant Club of Chicago, the stated object of which is "to maintain the principles of the republican party."

—Several children were poisoned at Louisville by eating ice that had been packed around a dead body. The undertaker had thrown the ice into the street where the children found it.

—A cablegram from London says: The cholera alarm is growing here. There was a genuine case at Bristol. It is coming through the North of France. There have been over 50,000 deaths in Spain.

—Maxwell, who murdered Preller in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, early in the spring, and who was arrested in New Zealand, has arrived in San Francisco, en route for the scene of the crime for trial.

—During the last fiscal year, the L. & N., after the payment of the interest on the bonded debt, providing for the sinking fund and defraying all fixed charges, finds its net earnings amounted to \$108,000.

—The New York World announces that the task which it undertook five months ago to raise by popular subscription \$100,000 for the completion of the Statue of Liberty pedestal is completed, \$102,000.39 having been contributed by 120,000 persons.

—It is gratifying to Kentuckians that no Confederate General who helped to bury Grant was more cordially received nor noticed more courteously by the press than was Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Kentucky's soldierly representative among the pall-bearers.—(Lou. Times.)

—The fan which supplied the West End Coal Company's mines at Moccasin, Pa., with fresh air, broke Tuesday and ten men were suffocated. About 75 men were in the mine at the time; those repairing the fan were first to suffocate and were unconscious before the rest realized their danger.

—The old sorrel horse ridden by Gen. Stonewall Jackson during the war has been taken to Richmond, Va., and turned over to the home for Ex Confederates for safe keeping. The animal is about 31 years old. Many wanted him carried to New York to take his place in Gen. Grant's funeral procession, but it could not be arranged in time.

—The new high-licence law of Wisconsin, increasing the minimum rate of saloon license from \$75 to \$200, has now been in force three months, and returns from some one hundred towns in the State show that the aggregate number of saloons has been diminished by 237; that the aggregate amount of annual revenue is \$224,000 greater than last year, and the saloons generally are under better regulation.

—The expenses of Gen. Grant's funeral foot up an enormous figure. In New York \$102,000 was paid for decorations, in Brooklyn \$75,000, and elsewhere throughout the country enough to make the total \$5,000,000. The actual funeral expenses were \$10,655; cost of temporary tomb, \$7,000; paid to four physicians \$6,000, share and share alike; work of making and putting up decorations, \$110,000; paid for seeing the procession, \$1,068,700, and estimated cost of monument, \$500,000, presenting a grand total of \$2,214,355.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Naples, Its Beauties, Cause of Scourge, &c.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, June 27th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

When we could detach our fascinated gaze from the terrible volcano, we began to notice that we were running rapidly through a great market garden, that supplies the daily wants of the half-million souls, who constitute the population of beautiful Naples. Luxuriant abundance of everything that will grow, is the marked feature of these fertile plains that stretch out at the base of Vesuvius—type of the glorious harvest that shall spring from the malice and wrath of Satan against our race. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, out of the strong sweetness," is the riddle of grace, then and now. Out of the showers of desolating ashes from the bowels of Satan's volcano, God's LOVE has prepared a soil of varied fertility that amazes one, accustomed to the one or two crops of our colder soils. At first sight, it seemed the very recklessness of agriculture—on the very same ground crops of vegetables crowding the surface; while fruit trees—chiefly figs—furnished trellises for grapevines to straggle over all. But the generous soil does not fail to respond to this wholesale demand upon its fertile vigor, and all three do well, where in our cultivation such a combination would secure the failure of all. Dear Newbery tells me that 10 crops of the smaller vegetables—or "garden-stuff"—are grown per annum, by the peasantry around Naples. These volcanic soils are simply incredibly prolific, and the cultivator banks upon it with an unlimited confidence that is never disappointed. Such pell-mell husbandry, yet ever successful, is seen nowhere else as in these favored regions.

Our early arrival at the station consigned us to an unpleasant ride to the hotel, for the brushing machines were making a horrible dust in the streets; and the closeness of a sleeping Naples, as stirred in various ways by the awakening of the great city to its diurnal life, is not pleasant. We drove as rapidly as possible through dust and stench, and soon came out into another world, facing the glorious Bay of Naples. Dream No. 2 of Southern Italy, more than realized as the cool, morning air, fresh, pure and bracing came over the noblest sheet of water on the planet, if the concensus of travelers is to be credited. Let me just add my mite of testimony to the rest. No description or picture ever came up to the reality—because the beauty is of God and the feeble picture drawn by pen or pencil is from man. Artists may sketch and writers may spill ink, but the half will never be told of the exquisite beauty of "Golfo di Napoli."

The Hotel du Vesuve—where for 8 francs a day (2 less than Rome) we had most sumptuous quarters during our stay in Naples—faces the Bay, and our windows looked out over all its indescribable beauties. But the width of a noble street separated us from its rippling waters. A little to the right of the Centre of our Hotel ran out a pier that terminated at the draw-bridge of the circular Castello dell'Ovo—600 years a fortress and palace combined; perched upon a low, rocky isle; very picturesque, though not put to a very picturesque use just now—being, in fact, a safe and commodious prison for offenders of a certain class. Its name is due to its oval shape.

We could step out on our fourth floor balcony and see Vesuvius too, which we were constantly doing after nightfall, marking how the lurid reflection from the fiery depths of the crater is thrown at regular intervals (say half a minute) upon the ascending column of smoke, giving it the appearance of a jet of dull red flame. Then darkness, till the old mountain draws another breath of fire.

These volcanic pulsations possess a terrible fascination for new comers; that soon wears away however. In 48 hours it seemed as natural to us as if we had been cradled at the base of this outlet of the bottomless pit.

From this balcony's height, too, night after night, under the brilliant moonlight that fell to our happy lot while in beautiful Naples, we listened to the exquisite music of trained voices, with perfect accompaniments of guitar and violin, hour after hour. As long as a few francs thrown down from the various balconies, urged to renewed exertions the patient and seemingly unwearied musicians, the delightful concert would go on, every night, until bed-time. These ragged, black-bearded, care-free Neapolitans, seem to be ever basking in moonlight, and floating down the stream of time to the rhythm and melody of divinest music. They dance with an abandon of enjoyment that is quite infectious; yet sing the same songs a thousand times, yet never mechanically. You can see the fresh zest of stars beaming in their eyes, as if it were pronounced for the first time. Tattered and happy; graceful and dirty; artistic to the finger tips, yet unwashed and unclothed; these anomalies of humanity are a perfect study to a stranger. Newbery touched me very deeply by saying: "One of these musicians, below, I know very well. He supports by these nightly concerts his aged father and mother with perhaps a sister or two; they are all entirely dependent on his voice and guitar." I grudged no gratuity after hearing this, for the band that nightly assembled under our windows, and every franc I rattled down went with a good wish to the "old folks at home."

Our hotel was prettily ornamented from top to bottom with frescoes in the Pompeian style, the little batter puts upon our

plates had Vesuvius in baso relievo and everything else volcanically suggestive. At Rome, Romulus and Remus sucking a she-wolf figured upon the butter, at the Hotel de Allemagne. How is this for equipment and high art? Vesuvius on toast! Romulus and Remus with hot French rolls! The associations are rather overwhelming, are they not?

But let us take the days in order. After a delicious breakfast, served in the very best style, in the grand banquet hall of the Hotel du Vesuve, our dear chaperone and brother, Newbery—now at home; in his element; and thoroughly on his mettle to do the honors of his favorite city with the very best effects—engaged carriages and took us for a general drive of inspection through the business parts of Naples. Then he showed the narrow, densely crowded streets, where the cholera last summer slew its thousands—"heaps upon heaps"—in numbers never exactly published or known perhaps. Looking at which I no longer wondered that in such festering filth and over crowding, the cholera revealed and raged. But I did wonder at the undaunted courage of the intrepid king of Italy, who left his sumptuous palace at Rome, and not only personally threaded the noisome alleys, where the pestilence was doing its dreadful work; and personally visited the hospitals to see that all was done for the poor sufferers that could be done; but remained week after week in the infected city till the plague abated. I know no grander exhibition of unselfish courage in modern or ancient times than this—shaming the cowardly—not a few—among the political, medical and—I am sorry to add—clerical fraternities. And to the everlasting honor of his beautiful queen be it recorded, that only by the strongest persuasion, amounting almost to personal duress, could she be prevailed upon to tarry at Rome—so urgent was her desire to share the peril with her gallant husband. I am glad I had the unspeakable honor of bowing low with uncovered head, to this peerless pair.

Newbery, commenting incessantly and intelligently upon everything as we passed along, among other things gave us a legend of the pest, which I have never seen in print—as to its origin. He believes it fully. Just before the cholera broke out with almost unexampled fury, a priest dreamed of certain numbers drawing prizes in the state lottery, which distributes weekly its incentives to universal gambling. This dream getting into circulation, thousands, especially among the poor, invested in tickets and wonderful to relate the dream became a verity, and 21 millions of francs were paid to Naples at the very next drawing. Again the priest dreamed to the same intent the following week, again the poorest invested and again one million of francs came to Naples. Then the people went mad in revelry and debauchery. They feasted and drank to wildest excess and then—as of old, "while the flesh was between their teeth, the plague came and smote the fattest of them." I can readily credit the substance of this, at first appearance, incredible story—knowing "Satan's devices" to destroy. I give it as it was given me, for what it is worth.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

JAMESTOWN, KY., Aug. 11.—As we are subscribers to your paper we beg leave to send you the majorities of the Russell county officers elected at the August election:

J. A. Williams, dem., elected county judge over Daniel Wilson, rep., by a majority of 129. Rev. T. J. Winfrey, dem., elected jailor over Vincent Dockery, rep., by a majority of 95. Judge W. S. Stone carried this county for the State Senate over Neat, rep., by a majority of 70. Judge J. B. Stone, dem., carried the county for Representative over B. M. Dancar, rep., by about 77 majority.

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS, Attorneys at Law.

RELIGIOUS.

—A protracted meeting will begin at the Baptist church on the second Sunday in September.

—The Tate's Creek Baptist Association will meet with the church at Silver Creek on Tuesday, August 25.

—Reports from Torquay say that 10,000 Christians have been massacred in the provinces of Biendin and Phynn.

—Revs. Evans and Hopper are conducting a meeting at New Haven, which has resulted in 20 conversions to last accounts.

—Eld. Jos. Ballou writes: The meeting at Mt. Carmel, in Laurel, continued 9 days, resulting in 26 additions to the church. It was conducted by Bro. Stephen Collier and myself.

—A Georgia man was so much afraid that his daughter's soul would be lost through the corroding sin of dancing, that he cut the cords in her feet so that she couldn't learn the waltz step.

—Another argument in favor of short sermons comes from Southwestern Kentucky. Just after a preacher had dismissed his congregation at Smithland the ceiling of the church fell in with a great crash and many would have been killed had the sermon been drawn out to its usual length.

—Mr. Barnes and the editor of the Bombay Guardian are discussing what the sinner has to do to be saved. The editor advocates the orthodox method, that is the Jordan is the hard road to travel kind, but Mr. Barnes insists that nothing is required of the sinner but to accept Jesus, which he proves by scripture of the most convincing kind.

—The South Kentucky Association of Baptists met Tuesday with the church at Eubanks. Rev. J. E. Bruce preached the introductory sermon; G. W. Saunders was elected moderator and M. W. Jones, clerk. There was a good attendance and the meeting was both pleasant and profitable. The next meeting will be with the church at Muldiburg.

To Our Friends & Patrons:

Beginning with July 1, 1885, we announce our third year's business in Stanford. Our trade has been far beyond our expectations; a gradual increase month after month. We take this opportunity of thanking you for your very liberal patronage and assure that in our various branches our motto shall be "The Best Goods for the Least Money." Again thanking you for favors, we hope to see all of old customers and many new ones in the coming year. Respectfully,

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rhus, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salem, Ky. J. B. McKimney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF TAYLOR BROS. HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete. Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we cordially ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister PHARMACISTS.

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded. —Also—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

B. K. WEAREN,

—AND—

JEWELERS.

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not minding yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunning and furniture dust and rearranging, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during those weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more and we must face a future which was full of terror. Meanwhile custom, as well as inclination, accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot hooks and blazing logs, and a bake oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lily-like, slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cincinnatus sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; but alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the apple-room for her benefit. Aunt Priscilla, in a small way, had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for awhile. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to look over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courtship, but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunt's rocking-chair. It was a comfort for me to do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired, tonight, I think. I am glad you are come, John, dear, we are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucetta is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree". John adjusted a stick on the embers and, with one downward look at a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and, patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made" by Aunt Priscilla. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note-paper, on which dear aunt had stated in her own simple form that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucetta. Poor Lucetta, Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washer-woman, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or if not, you are the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of \$250 a year, and \$50 more from some tunkle store. That's all, except the house and furniture, and there is a mortgage of \$300 on that. Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said. "A capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live on \$300 a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunt was a wonderful house-keeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables doesn't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girl, our running up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on \$300 a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I could do so well. Plain cooking, with dipping and soap flat by way of perquisites," and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry.

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars now. Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expense; but if I could command the sum it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with \$1,000 if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh?"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him \$600 or \$800 a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother, but west somewhere, and he'll sell for a \$1,000."

"But John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better than any other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can he do?"

"Nothing." With a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable \$1,000 I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two, Sue, darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which aunt left us—the house, everything—couldn't we get the \$1,000?" I asked desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you

do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. I must have from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have and what it's worth," I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously; "something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the 'list to-morrow, John.'"

A little more talk and he rose to go. "Did you stop at the postoffice, John?"

"Yes, there was nothing for you."

"Not even The Intelligencer?" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and The Intelligencer is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for awhile—some days, at least."

"Poor aunt! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began—forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it all is, upstairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was so proud of her file. It is no use at all now, I suppose it is lost."

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "what's something?"

"We'll weigh the lot one of these days and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghastly task which we set out to do the next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those tangles of time-worn articles with which elderly people encumber their store-rooms and closet shelves.

Sue's air of anxiety exhaled as you open them, and, mingling with our modern air, produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use and value, and instinctive principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our list was a very short one. A few china doilies, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat Intelligencers," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpane," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise," he called as he came in. "What is enterprise?"

"The Intelligencer! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the first! That's what I call pick-up."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, as she drew the paper from its wrapper and laid it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from her pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and those wretched Intelligencers."

I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks were flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read."

"She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The office of our paper having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligencer from its first number, March 4, 1830, to present date. Any person able to supply a set, as stated, will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. box 2,531, New York.

"A thousand dollars!" Sue, John, and I, with a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt, think of her life turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited. "Only," premised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the Intelligencer and get ahead of us."

This was blanketed by thought. My aunt, I thought, kept my file of the Intelligencer in New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mail! When morning came I was too weary and too flustered to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Well, John, how funny to see you here at this hour? Why do you look so?"

"I haven't heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

Blessed John. This was the telegram:

"Send file at once. Checks ready to your order. E. HALLIX."

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant to John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hope; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight, home, security, the shatter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in every deed. As I all this for \$1,000! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! and at other times how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept her sweet, wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast: "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Morse."

John seized another and added: "The Intelligencer—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

Torturing the Trotters.

(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

The arrest of Splax, the noted horseman, at the instance of the Humane society, brings to light a new method of getting trotters to the wire promptly. It has been a very general and usually correct device of the humane of horse racing that the animals have as much ambition to win as the drivers. But the development, in this case, of an instrument of torture consisting of a whip, with tacks placed in it so as to inflict torturing blows, indicates that the principle is by no means universal. That is the kind of good which this jockey is charged with using upon the trotter Orward when the animal belied his name and became backward.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Salsola's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 60c and \$1. For sale by FENNIE McALLISTER.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Salsola's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by FENNIE McALLISTER.

COLLIERY BOYS.

HARDY YOUNG LADS AS MULE DRIVERS AND SLATE PICKERS.

A Vocation in Which No Shrieking Is Tolerated—Severity of the "Cracker Boss"—Ground to Death—A Mining War.

(Scranton (Pa.) Cor. New York Times.)

Those who have at any time visited any of the mines or coal breakers of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania could not fail to be forcibly impressed by the large number of boys, many of them of a very tender age, employed in the collieries as drivers of mules and door tenders, and in the screen-room as slate pickers. Many of those little men, who with their grimy faces and hardened hands look like the strange race of chimney sweeps, are under the age of 12 years, but they perform a most important task in the great work of preparing the dusky anthracite for the market. In the mines as mule drivers these hardy lads are invaluable. They sing and whistle and laugh and play amid their gloomy surroundings, and they can manage the erratic mule better than most men. They drive the loaded cars from the working chambers to the foot of the shaft up which the coal is hoisted to the tower of the breaker, and they take the "empties" back to the men who blast down the coal from the "breast."

As a general thing the boys employed as mule drivers are older and stronger than those who work in the screen rooms of the breakers. The duties of the latter consist in sorting the slate from the broken coal, which flows in black streams down a number of chutes from the ponderous machinery in which the gleaming anthracite lumps are broken into the requisite sizes. The slate pickers sit in rows astride these chutes, their eyes fixed steadily on the broken coal that rushes past them down the steep incline, and their fingers nimbly at work picking out the black, dull pieces of slate that are mixed with the glistening anthracite. During this flow of coal down the cautes no shrieking is tolerated. The boys must keep their eyes constantly on the chutes and see to it that all the bits of slate are taken out.

In order to insure strict attention on the part of the little workers, a superintendent stands on guard, with his eye on the boys. This individual, who by the nature of his occupation is usually disliked by the slate pickers, is known as a "cracker boss," the breaker being sometimes called a coal cracker. The "cracker boss" must be strict, therefore he is considered severe. Sometimes he is the victim of various mischievous pranks. His whip is hidden, his chewing tobacco is lost, his hat is mislaid, or some other "accident" of an embarrassing sort occurs whenever the opportunity presents itself. If by any chance the "cracker boss" is absent for a few minutes the screen room suddenly undergoes a transformation, and the rows of little fellows who usually sit at their work with bowed heads give a free illustration of the maxim that "boys will be boys."

Some of the saddest accidents connected with coal mining have occurred in the breakers among children who pick slate. Little fellows have been ground to death in the massive machinery, and many of their comrades have lost their lives in the effort to save them. The unsifted heroism of the men who work in the mines has had its counterpart among the lads in the coal breaker, and instances could be mentioned of this child heroism of the screen room. When the little fellows first go to work at slate picking they find the task severe and painful. Sitting in a stooping position amid clouds of coal dust is painful, and tiny fingers are cruelly cut and bled by contact with the pieces of coal which are as sharp as bits of broken glass. In time the hands become hardened and so do the boys, so that what was at first regarded as a slavery rears comparatively easy.

In the coal breakers especially many hundreds of children are employed under the age of 12 years. There are instances of being sent to pick slate even at 6 years of age, and any number may be found in the screen-rooms between 8 and 9. Some of these are probably the sole support of a mother and younger children, the father of the family having been suddenly killed at his work in the mine. It seems cruel to send such boys to work, but it seems equally cruel to prevent them from earning the needed crust for the stricken families to which they belong. The question has been considered among the lads in the coal breaker, and instances could be mentioned of this child heroism of the screen room. When the little fellows first go to work at slate picking they find the task severe and painful. Sitting in a stooping position amid clouds of coal dust is painful, and tiny fingers are cruelly cut and bled by contact with the pieces of coal which are as sharp as bits of broken glass. In time the hands become hardened and so do the boys, so that what was at first regarded as a slavery rears comparatively easy.

Where the Brick House Comes In.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A citizen who had an idea that he would like to run a grocery, but was afraid of being stuck if he bought out a place on the west of his own, was given permission to put in a couple of days around a Michigan Avenue store and make such personal observations as he could. At the end of the second day the grocer said to him:

"Well, you are satisfied that I am doing a rushing business."

"No, exactly. The sales foot up only about \$50 per day. The profits on that figure can't be over \$3. That wouldn't leave much left for paying expenses."

"My dear sir, don't look for profits in that direction. We pay 2 cents a pound for wrapping paper, and retail it out as we do up goods at an average of 35 cents. The profits on the goods pay expenses. The profits on the paper enable us to build a brick house every third year. Please stand back while I weigh half an ounce of paper with one and a half ounces of indigo."

Fleeing from His Jokes.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Another man who has fled from his jokes, says a correspondent writing from Sunset Cox, N. Y. L. Allen, the funny man of the New York Times, when the president has sent on a foreign mission. He was doing better financially than he will when serving his country in R. M. for his salary as a journalist was 25 per cent. greater, and he was called upon simply to provide one article per day for the editorial page of The Times. This piece was required to be funny, and it was never absent from the fifth column.

But Allen had no liking for the reputation which was rapidly being fastened upon him. He aspired to be a writer in the higher levels of literature. Therefore, when the opportunity offered itself, he broke completely away from his prosperity, and is going to see if he can live down his notoriety as a humorist.

Hor Inspiration.

(The Rambler.)

Society Girl—My dear Miss McSiddons, how you must adore your art. You seem perfectly wrapped up in it. I love to see you gaze upward in that soulful way of yours when you come to particularly emotional passages. Are you seeking inspiration when you look like that?

Emotional Actress—Oh, no; I am just counting the receipts of the gallery.

Old St. Louis families use negroes as pall-bearers.

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A Desirable Farm Containing about 100 Acres of Good Land.

Nearly all in cultivation, situated on the Stanford and Lancaster turnpike road about 2 miles from Lancaster, Ky. Well improved. Will be sold privately. Any one in need of such a Farm can get the particulars by calling on J. F. Pugh, on the place or addressing the undersigned at Gilberts Creek, Lincoln county, Ky.

JOHN F. HOLTZCLAW, Agent for J. F. Pugh's Heirs.

5-3m

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The well-known Sutton House, at Williamsburg, furnished complete, is for sale. We will give a bargain to any one wanting it. Well established trade. Everything in first-class shape.

SUTTON & THORNE, Williamsburg, Ky.

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Desirable Town Property.

I desire to sell my dwelling-house in Stanford, situated on the corner of Main Street and Logan Avenue.

The lot fronts 170 feet on Main Street and 500 feet on Logan Avenue. It is a fine, newly repaired and has six rooms and upper and lower halls.

Outbuildings good, and a good selection of fruit trees on the lot. Will sell at a bargain to the purchaser.

J. W. ALCOCK, Stanford, Ky.

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Crab Orchard, Ky., will re-open on Monday, Sept. 16, 1885.

Preparatory, Academic and Collegiate Departments under experienced teachers. For circulars giving terms, address R. H. Brodough, President Board of Trustees, Crab Orchard, Ky., or Edgar P. Hawes, Principal, Louisville, Ky. (4-1m)

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SEPT. 16, 1885. Course of instruction thorough. Development of the mind the end to be attained. Terms reasonable. For circulars apply to

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